

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

## —ORIGINAL—

## IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEM.

A VERY moderate share of observation is sufficient to convince any person, that much of almost every thing, which is valuable, is lost for want of system. It is necessary not only for public characters, but for every person, even in the most ordinary concerns of life. Mr. Driveall is a smart, active, industrious farmer; but 'he does not work it right'! His total want of method, in the management of his domestic affairs, involves him in great confusion, besides keeping him in a perpetual hurry. Twenty objects claim immediate attention, and he is utterly at a loss to know, with which to begin. For instance, at the opening of spring, when he ought to be ploughing, he is obliged to procure his summer's wood, which should have been done by sledging; his grain is not threshed and his family are destitute of bread; his fences are out of repair and his cattle lie upon his mowing ground. This disordered state of things continues through the whole year; and he frequently has to leave one piece of work half done, to attend to another in a more suffering situation. Mrs. Driveall's household economy is very similar to that of her husband. Hence, gentlemen, we can easily guess what kind of wives their daughters will make. Let the ladies beware of their sons.

Mr. Sprucewell has taken unwearied pains to become acquainted with the best method of conducting his agricultural business. This, in all its various branches, he has arranged in admirable order. His system is so complete and he has so perfect a knowledge of it, that he is never at a stand, which to do first. In the fall, or winter season, he threshes his grain and secures it from the vermine, which usually infest barns; he gets up his year's stock of wood, cuts and houses it; and as soon as snow and frost are sufficiently gone, he repairs his fences, before the ground is dry enough to plough. This may serve as a specimen. Mrs. Sprucewell is a perfect model for every thing pertaining to good house-wifery.

In the education of youth, system has been shamefully neglected. The teachers of our common country schools are mostly a set of ignorant, cheap fellows, wholly destitute of order and method in their mode of instruction. The little knowledge they have, is so confused in their own minds, that they are incapable of communicating it to others. To visit a school of this description, puts one in mind of that stage in creation, when fire, air, earth, water, cold, heat, hard, soft, sour, sweet, bitter, pleasant, and all other opposite qualities were blended together in one chaotic mass. Parents had far better keep their children at home, than put them under the care of such *ignoramuses*; for they not only lose their time and the trifling sum, given as a compensation, but they do them a real and essential injury.

An academian, or collegian, who is not methodical in his studies, will make little proficiency. He may apply himself early and late without intermission, and never become an adept in any art, or science. The luxuriant and creative fancy of a Milton, united with the profound and all-penetrating judgment of a Newton, without a proper system, will never make a good scholar, or a profitable member of society.

DISCOS TANTALOS.

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## COMMOTIONS INJURE SOCIETY.

MODERN *wise* men have prided themselves in offering to the world doctrines, which are new and tend to excite admiration. Under the pretence of surpassing the wisdom of our venerable ancestors, they have published, and unhappily distilled into the minds of many, their destructive principles. The multitude are always charmed with novelty. When any thing new comes from the pen of a great man, however destructive in its consequences, it is swallowed with eagerness, without the least reflection on its tendencies, until the fatal poison has taken deep root, and universally convulsed the system.

The prosperity of society ought to be made the study of every citizen. Its interests materially concern all its members; and hence every infringement of them, or invasion of its rights, should be repelled with energy. Some have asserted, that "society is greatly benefited by commotion; as it produces a spirit of enterprise, &c." Let us for a moment examine this idea.—Civil commotions have ever had a potent tendency to destroy the peace and harmony of society, to damp the energies of genius, and retard the progress of science.—This truth every person knows, who is conversant with the history of literature. When discord prevails the minds of men are unavoidably employed in concerns, which are remote from the arts and sciences. The interests of party wholly engross the attention. Ambitious individuals will labor to raise themselves above the common ranks in society, not by real merit but by the subtlest intrigues; and almost every member in community will scarcely value the sacrifice of his property, reputation, and almost life, if by it he can promote a favorite object. This cruel ambition has caused enmity between the most intimate friends, engaged the father against the son, and armed the assassin with the fatal implements of death.—Such were the horrid effects of civil and political commotion in the early ages of government; such in the republics of Greece, in Rome, and in every age recorded in history.

It is not disputed but that commotions are sometimes productive of good to one of the parties concerned. But the interests of party are not the interests of community. We might, however, adduce a multitude of instances, where these commotions have had the most

unhappy effects on all parties. Let it suffice that we mention those, which destroyed the Roman empire; which subverted the fair fabric of science, which ages had labored to erect, and left refinement with scarce one solitary votary. The gloom of ignorance and superstition, which reigned in Europe for more than ten centuries, was the effect of political commotion.—Let us then be careful not to imbibed such destructive principles.

"Defend me—common sense, say I,  
From reveries so airy."—COMPER.

Y.

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## EXISTENCE of a GOD, proved from the works of Nature.

ON the morning of a beautiful Sunday, LAERTUS, my host and friend, asked me to take with him a short rural excursion. Accepting his invitation, we proceeded a small distance from the town, where I was agreeably regaled with new and sublime views of nature's presenting. Being a child of the country, I had never, till this moment, extended a glance on the mighty fields of the ocean. Now, the broad surface of the Atlantic, opened to my eyes a prospect which far exceeded the feeble powers of vision to grasp. With delightful surprise and admiration, I roved over the watery plain, and beheld the ridgy billows rolling majestic and softly subsiding on the sandy margin. Some of them, however, dashed with vehemence against the huge and ragged masses of rocks, which bounded no inconsiderable portion of that part of the immense deep. Here, observed Laertus, you may view, contemplate and admire "the wonderful works of God." These words he had scarcely pronounced when a stranger approached, whose appearance and behavior exhibited strong indications of irreligious principles and vicious habits. He had heard the observation of my friend, and now boldly accosted him with these abrupt sentences—"The works of God! There is no God." Simple is the mind, that thinks or supposes there is a God. "Do you then," said Laertus, "deny the existence of a supreme Upholder and Disposer of things?" "I do," returns the stranger, "I do deny it absolutely and totally. There is no God in the universe. The belief of a God is the wild chimera of fools." The confident and dogmatizing airs and tones of the impious wretch, in conjunction with his horrible sentiments, determined me not to engage in a conversation, or even to make the least answer. But Laertus, ever tender for the honor of his heavenly Sovereign, and feeling for the good of his fellow being, could not turn away in silence; and immediately the following dialogue passed between them.

Laertus. You then deny the reality of a first, efficient and intelligent cause of created things. How then came into being these huge piles of rocks, and who made this immeasurable and



billowy ocean that now spreads and foams before us?

*Stranger.* How did they come into being? Why that I don't know. There is not a man in the world that does know *how*, or that knows any thing about it.

*Laer.* It is true, no man has a perfect idea of any cause abstractedly considered. No man knows in what manner the first cause produced the first effect, or in what manner any cause produces any effect whatever. But all men have an idea of cause and effect as far as to perceive their infallible, universal, necessary connection. They know that every effect is dependent on its cause, and that it is adequate and corresponding to its cause. It is totally repugnant to our observation and reason that a thing should begin to exist without a *something* preceding to occasion its existence. Would it be possible for the stone to leave its place and bound a mile into the air without a cause?

*Str.* That question I shall not pretend to answer: But what would it prove when admitted? If a stone cannot move without a cause, does that determine who or what made these rocks or who made the world?

*Laer.* If this stone cannot move without a cause, it could not begin to exist without a cause. All other parts of inanimate creation are equally incapable of moving without a cause, and could no easier come into existence without a cause. If the stone had an intrinsic power, independent of every thing external, to do it, it would have done it. But it never can make such a move, till external force is applied, or in other words, till a suitable cause operates. Our experience and reason teaches that it is an impossibility, that an event should occur without an efficiency to produce it. If therefore these rocks or this ocean ever began to exist, they must have had a cause.

*Str.* I don't say that they ever did begin to exist. Perhaps they are eternal and of consequence uncreated.

*Laer.* That which is eternal possesses in itself a sufficiency of its own existence and is wholly independent. No power created or uncreated can effect the annihilation of that which is self-existent, self-sufficient and without dependence. It exists of necessity, or in other words, it is impossible that it should not exist. Now that which exists of necessity, must forever continue the same. It must always retain the same essence, preserve the same modes and the same relations as it respects itself and its parts. It can never change or alter, for as it never began to be, it has no cause of being, and as it had no cause of being it can have no cause of change or alteration. This is a most evident proposition. For if there is a necessity of a thing's existing, this necessity is a necessity that it should never alter. S. F.

(To be continued.)

#### DESPOTISM IS DESTRUCTIVE TO SCIENCE.

UNDER free governments, only, can merit be rightly appreciated or justly rewarded.—Hence, where despotism reigns, genius too often remains to soar unseen in the shades of soli-

tude. The patriot, who has embarked his all in the common cause, and worn out a life in the service of his country, must withdraw to retirement, with the barren wreath of self approbation. The poet must repeat his numbers to the solitary walls of his closet; and the master, in every art, confine his instruction to a friendly few.

Such is the situation of science, and the reward of merit, where despotism has gained pre-eminence and the "lordly tyrant" subjected mankind to his arbitrary power.

Knowing the injustice of his cause, and ever fearful lest some enlightened rival should rise to oppose his encroachments on the rights and liberties of the world, it is the first great aim of the aspiring despot to reduce mankind to the lowest grade of vassalage, and establish in their minds an idea of his universal greatness.

For this cause the temple of learning and genius is tumbled from its basis, and the ponderous weight of ignorance thrown upon its ruins.

We have witnessed at Athens, the great Aristides, banished from his home, his country and his *all* by the domineering faction of Themistocles. We have seen a Socrates sacrificed at the altar of despotism by a polluted mob of venal partisans.

The courts of Persia, instead of containing men of science and renown, have ever been thronged with a bending multitude of unlettered sycophants.

In later times under the tyranny of revolutionizing patriots and conjurors, we have experienced the weight of an "iron arm," which has ever endeavored to extirpate it from the earth.

The true friend to liberty and man, whose greatest glory is the welfare of his country, is imprisoned and exiled, the friend of science is forbidden to pursue his favorite studies, and the true religionist thrown from the sacred chair and executed on the scaffold.

On the same principle, we may account for the unfrequent appearance of brilliant characters in the Empire of Turkey.

Here, as in most other despotic governments, the lives and liberties of a numerous people, depend on the will of a tyrannic ruler, who is ever jealous of brilliant talents, and ever ready to persecute and oppress them. HIRAM.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Memory of Professor WOODWARD.

WHAT mournful accents strike the list'ning ear,  
What weeping friends along the vale appear!  
What solemn sadness reigns in ev'ry part,  
What deep affliction wounds each feeling heart!  
Has baleful war, in one disastrous day,  
From weeping kindred, swept dear friends away?  
Has foul disease wide desolation spread,  
And thousands number'd with the silent dead?  
Survivors then may well indulge their grief,  
And souls afflicted well refuse relief.  
But, here the Muse to give instruction seeks,  
And weeps in sorrow while she kindly speaks.  
"Tis not for thousands, scatter'd o'er the plain,  
By hostile weapons deeply pierc'd and slain;

Nor yet for numbers off by sickness borne,  
That now relation and acquaintance mourn.  
But, 'tis for one, who, with benevolent mind,  
Survey'd the world and felt for all mankind;  
Whose soul was sympathy, whose heart was love,  
Whose thoughts aspiring dwell on things above.  
For thee, Great WOODWARD, Science droops  
her head,

And Virtues mourn, as for their offspring dead;  
For thee the Graces lowly bend to earth,  
And blest'd Humanity recounts thy worth.  
'Twas thine, where Genius soars, to tow'r aloft,  
And 'midst revolving worlds to travel oft;  
Wisdom 't imbibe from philosophic springs,  
And gather knowledge from created things.  
'Twas thine 't instruct the fond, enquiring youth,  
And point his way to scientific truth;  
'T' impress the mind with sense of moral right,  
To scatter darkness by diffusing light.  
'Twas thine to listen to the feeble cries,  
Which from distress and human woes arise;  
'T' apply the healing balm to ev'ry wound,  
And raise reviving hopes in all around.

Ye Sons of DARTMOUTH, speak a WOODWARD's  
praise,

Transmit his mem'ry down to future days.  
Ye oft have witnessed, and remember well,  
How from his lips correct instruction fell;  
How oft Religion form'd his darling theme,  
How great his reverence for the ONE SUPREME.  
All, who have known, his real worth proclaim,  
That distant nations may repeat his name;  
His praises speak, who, living, blest mankind,  
Who, dying, cast a look of love behind."

ODIN.

#### —SELECTED—

##### Character of OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any juncture than that of a civil war, enflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonry: yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villainy and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind. NOBLE.



## THE MEETING: A FRAGMENT.

"EVEN thy aspiring head," said an elderly man getting out of a hackney coach, and eying at the same time the lofty spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, "even thy aspiring head in a few ages will be no more, and, like my vain hopes, sink in eternal oblivion!"

His dress bespoke him a naval officer, and enough remained of his weather-beaten face to evince that he had been unfortunate. Having discharged the coach, he looked about, and, espying a small linen-draper's shop in an angle of ——— Street, stepped in: a girl, who was sitting at work behind the counter, with a modest voice answered his enquiry respecting some linen, and rose to call her mother. At that instant a genteel woman entered from a back room:—he gazed upon her—a flood of tears choked his utterance. She flew to his arms:—it was Emily—his long-lost wife!

"Great God," cried he, recovering his speech, "how infinite is thy goodness!" It being near dark, they closed the shop, and drew round a glowing fire in the parlour to hear each other's tale, and the means which had brought them so miraculously together.

Captain Bently (for that was the officer's name) had been torn from his wife and child by some pirates with whom his little vessel had been engaged; but, owing to the superior force of the enemy, after a gallant resistance, had been obliged to strike. The inhuman wretches, seeing the perilous situation of his ship, which every moment was in danger of sinking, took out every thing of value, and committed her to the mercy of the waves, with Emily, her child, and several wounded seamen on board: he was sold as a slave, but, with a few more of the prisoners, made his escape to England, after a long succession of hardships. He has since taken a number of rich prizes, having had the command of a sloop of war, which, after obtaining his discharge, enabled him to live in the country in a genteel manner: he had come to London with a view of purchasing some articles.

Emily's story was briefly thus:—Her vessel was shortly after picked up by an English frigate, the captain of which having had some knowledge of her family, generously settled her in the before-mentioned shop, where she had continued some years; her daughter being the only consolation she had left, all enquiries respecting Captain Bently having proved fruitless. They immediately retired to a pleasant village on the borders of Somersetshire, praising the great Creator for his mercy towards them.

(Mon. Museum.)

## THE BEGGAR.

IS it possible, then, to enjoy the pleasures of a walk in the season of the flowers, and the joys of all nature, without being at the same time, disgusted with the picture of human misery; without being persecuted with beggars; one more hideous than another? Such was the sentiment which occupied my mind when I was accosted by an unfortunate wretch, who stretched out his hand to me.

"Madam! dear Madam! pray—nothing!—the least assistance for my poor wife!"

"I have nothing for you."

"She must die, if not relieved!"

"I have nothing for you, I say," and I quickened my pace, in order to get rid of further importunity, when I heard these words of sorrow escape the lips of the poor old man.

"Ah! you who cannot bear to hear even the recital of my sorrows, judge what must be my lot who suffers them!"

Affected by this apostrophe, and somewhat ashamed, I stopped; I returned a few steps, and, putting a piece of money into the hand of the unfortunate, who little expected it, I said to myself—I have done wrong: this will make amends. I then walked on, and, throwing my eyes around me, I found the flowers more fragrant, the day more bright, and the promenade more agreeable: and all these suggested the following reflection: "It is true, then, that when people are content with themselves, they are content with all nature."

## ON ABSENCE OF MIND.

HABITUAL absence of mind is a real proof of folly, or, at least, of great inattention. How happens it therefore, that there are people who pride themselves upon this absence, and think to assume an air of importance and capacity. Instead of paying attention to what is said to them, they wish to appear taken up with quite another thing: that is, in truth, contemptible. The only pretence such persons can have is, that their pretended absence prevents them from giving immediate answers to embarrassing questions; but this is at the expence of their reputation. I like those better who hearken attentively, and reply slowly.—This was the ancient method of persons who discussed important affairs; but it is now no longer in fashion. French *naïveté* cannot accommodate itself to it, and the multiplicity of affairs with which our ministers are taken up, do not give them sufficient time. It is in Spain, only, where the national gravity permits people to speak and write with circumspection, and where men can consider at leisure what they have to say, or commit to paper. I knew a Spanish ambassador, in France, who, importuned by questions incessantly put to him, to which he was required to answer immediately, and, finding that even our young nobility sometimes let slip unreasonable expressions, which he would have thought himself obliged to animadvert upon, if he had appeared to hear them, took the resolution of declaring himself deaf, and passed four or five years at Paris and Versailles, telling every body he was extremely hard of hearing. By this method he frequently dissimulated, and made people repeat their questions two or three times, which gave him time to prepare his answer. Finally, when he had his audience of leave, it was remarked that his ear was very fine, and his artifice was discovered when he had no longer occasion to make use of it.

I knew a woman of a certain age, whose slow, but dignified manner of speaking, even in ordinary conversation, gave her the reputation of a woman of great sense. Every thing she said was looked upon as so many sentences and apophthegms.

## FARRAGO.

## ANECDOTE.

A WITNESS, who swore rather intemperately in a late cause, was asked by the judge, "pray of what profession are you?" "I am, Sir, in the *periodical* line." "Very good sir, and you will soon be in the *perpendicular* line."

*Remarkable Travelling.*—The Mail Pilot, which left Philadelphia on Wednesday at 1 o'clock, P. M. arrived at Powles Hook at 12 o'clock, on the evening of the same day, performing 95 miles in 11 hours, in which time the passengers dined and supped, and the horses were changed seven times. They seldom broke from the trot, and the drivers are the most active, sober and attentive I ever saw. We drove from Woodbridge to Newark, a fine road of 16 miles, in one hour and a half.

A TRAVELLER.

The report of Governor Claiborne's death at New-Orleans is contradicted—he had been severely ill with the yellow fever, but hopes were entertained of his recovery.

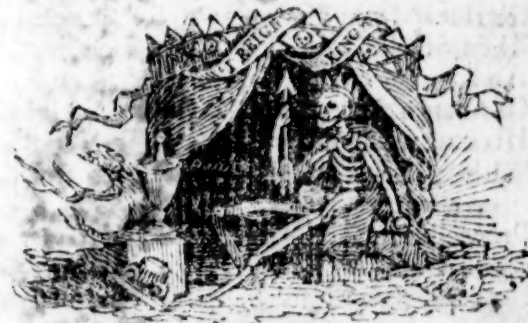
Thanksgiving in this State will be on the 15th Nov. and in Massachusetts the 29th Nov.

## MARRIED.

At Lebanon, (Con.) Mr. Henry Hudson, of Hartford, to Miss Maria Trumbull, daughter of His Excellency Gov. Trumbull.

In Boston, Mr. Eleazer G. House, to Miss Ann Cunningham.

*The meanest cottage, 'or costliest dome,  
Is but an upper chamber to the tomb.'*



## DIED.

In Maryland, Dr. Gustavus R. Brown, one of the three Physicians who attended General Washington in his last sickness.

In Virginia, Hon. Alexander White, member of the first Congress.

At his seat in Charlestown, Mass. Joseph Barrell, Esq. aged 64.

At Northampton, Capt. Joseph Lyman, aged 73.

At Brookfield, William E. Faulkner, Esq. Attorney at Law, aged 28.

At East-Haddam, Con. Mr. David Fuller. He was riding on the top of a cart load of corn stalks, when the cart tipped up, threw him off and unhappily broke his neck. He was 72 years old.

At Boston, Mrs. Martha Page.





## SELECTED POETRY.

*The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.*

BY COWPER.

IN colleges and halls in ancient days,  
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,  
Were precious, and inculcated with care,  
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head  
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,  
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,  
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.  
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile  
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard  
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.  
The occupation dearest to his heart  
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke  
The head of modest and ingenuous worth  
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the  
youth [grew,

Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning  
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;  
The mind was well-inform'd, the passions held  
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.  
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,  
That one among so many overleap'd  
The limits of controul, his gentle eye  
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;  
His frown was full of terror, and his voice  
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,  
As left him not, till patience had won  
Lost favor back again, and clos'd the breach.  
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,  
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:  
A palsy struck his arm, his sparkling eye  
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice un-  
strung

Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more  
Than reverence in perverse rebellious youth.  
So colleges and halls neglected much  
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,  
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.  
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,  
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene  
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,  
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,  
With parrot-tongue perform'd the scholar's  
part,

Proceeding soon a graduated Dunce.  
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny  
Became stone-blind, Precedence went in truck,  
And he was competent whose purse was so.  
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;  
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth  
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and  
bolts

Grew rusty by disuse, and massy gates  
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;  
Till gowns at length are found mere masquer-  
ade;

The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,  
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these  
For gamblers, jockeys, brothellers impure,  
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oftener seen  
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,  
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,  
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;  
And such expence as pinches parents blue,  
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,  
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports

And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name  
That sets a stigma on his father's house,  
And cleaves through life inseparably close  
To him that wears it. What can after-games  
Or riper joys, and commerce with the world,  
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,  
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,  
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?  
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast  
His folly; but to spoil him is a task  
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs  
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, &c.  
Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?  
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,  
Thro' want of care, or her whose winking eye  
And slumb'ring oscitancy mar the brood?  
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,  
She needs herself correction; needs to learn  
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,  
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,  
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

ON HOMER, VIRGIL AND MILTON.

BY DRYDEN.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;  
The next, in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

## THE MONKEY,

*Who shaved himself and his Friends.*

## A FABLE.

BY COL. HUMPHREYS.

A MAN who own'd a barber's shop  
At York, and shav'd full many a sop,  
A monkey kept for their amusement;  
He made no other kind of use on't—  
This monkey took great observation,  
Was wonderful at imitation,  
And all he saw the barber do,  
He mimic'd straight, and did it too.

It chanc'd in shop, the dog and cat,  
While friseur din'd, demurely sat,  
Jacko found nought to play the knave in,  
So thought he'd try his hand at shaving.  
Around the shop in haste he rushes,  
And gets the razors, soap, and brushes;  
Now puffs he fix'd (no muscle miss flirts)  
And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,  
Then gave a gasp, as he began—  
The cat cry'd "waugh!" and off she ran.

Next Towser's beard he try'd his skill in,  
Though Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling;  
As badly here again succeeding,  
The dog runs howling round, and bleeding.

Nor yet was tir'd our roguish elf;  
He'd seen the barber shave himself;  
So by the glass, upon the table,  
He rubs with soap his visage fable,  
Then with left hand holds smooth his jaw,—  
The razor in his dexter paw;  
Around he flourishes and slashes,  
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.

His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin  
He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin;  
Drew razor swift as he could pull it,  
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

MORAL.

Who cannot write, yet handle pens,  
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends.  
Though others use them well, yet fools  
Should never meddle with edge tools.

## VERSES ON A TEAR.

OH! that the Chemist's magic art  
Could crystalize this sacred treasure!  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—  
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,  
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,  
When first she feels the rude control  
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, in every age;  
'Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,  
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law\* which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

\* *The law of Gravitation.*

## CURIOUS EPITAPH.

*In the old church of Tiverton is the following*

EPITAPH.

"Ho, ho, who lies here?  
"Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,  
"With Kate, my wife, to me full dear.  
"What we spent we had;  
"What we left we lost;  
"What we gave we have."

This inscription may seem odd; but, atten-  
tively considered, it contains an excellent mor-  
al lesson, and estimates the true value and use  
of riches.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.—By Wesley.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,  
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give;  
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,  
Preserv'd with a monumental bust!  
The passage is here in emblem shewn;  
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

Hanover, N. H. OCT. 31, 1804.

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